

*Written at Vimy Ridge*

*dup*  
*J. W. Cunningham.*  
*E. W. Barclay.*

# IN THE LAND OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS



*Words and Music by*  
**Private Charles H. Quinn**

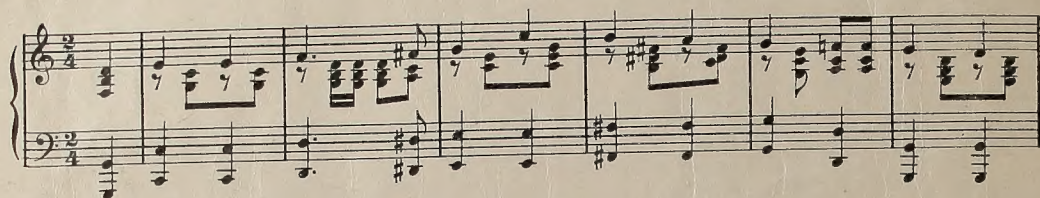
*Arranged by Jules Brazil*

*Published by*  
*Charles H. Quinn*  
*Newmarket, Ont.*



# In The Land Of The Fleur-de-lys

Words & Music by  
Private CHARLES H. QUINN  
Arranged by Jules Brazil



To a dis-tant land a -  
In my dreams I see your

cross the sea Went the Sons of Bri-tain brave and free, To fight the foe from Ger - ma - ny And their  
dear face still, And the lit-tle cot-tage on the hill, I hear the call of the whip-poor-will In the

hearts were staunch and true. To a lit-tle moth-er old and grey Came a let-ter from her  
wood I used to roam. I see the lit-tle gar - den too Where the ros-es and the



boy one day Moth-er tho' I'm far a-way I al-ways think of you.\_\_\_\_  
 vio - lets grew, Guard-ed with such care by you And I long for Home, Sweet Home.\_\_\_\_

CHORUS

So cheer up lit-tle moth-er till the dark clouds roll a - way Keep

smil - ing just for Auld Lang Syne and the sun will shine some day My

tho'ts are ev - er turn - ing to the lov'd ones o'er the sea For you my

heart is yearn-ing in the land of the Fleur-de - lys. So lys.\_\_\_\_

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